At Sounion

of a morning woven over stone,
I bump camera, then Stavros. We

share a fog wherein I balk,
desiring not the ethereal

photographs exhorted: myself
against nothing! He of lemon smock,
is thereby ticked at me: it

rises as a litany to his
imagined sun. I jab along

the slippery rocks for
cooler idioms, final-

ly to divine lovers (Byron's one)
who have scratched their hearts to

ruins. Spooners often weave through
our academies, shunning all

attempts to set their dreaming
steps to music more felicitous.

Or so I later tire with ouzo
in the shivering café be-
fore sun rockets through

and the temple asserts in fire
to wave on wave of rain,
the wisdom of arrange-

ment past
this opalescent glass.